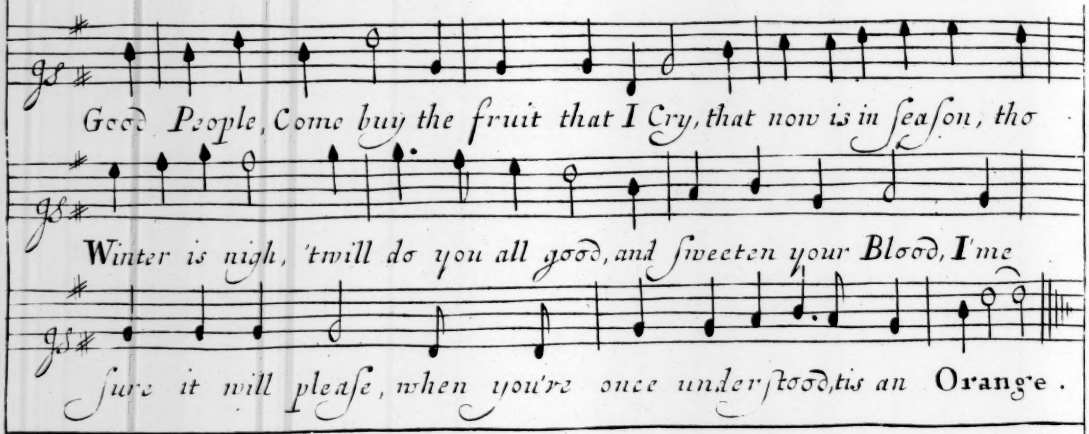
A New Song of an Orange. —



Its Cordiall Juice
Does much Vigour produce,
I may well recommend it to every mans use
Tho some it quite chills,
And with fear all most kills;
Yet certain each healthy Man benefitt feeles
by an Orange

To make Claret go down,
Sometimes there is found
A Jolly good Health, to pass pleasantly round;
But yett, I'le protest,
Without any Jest,
No flavour is better, then that of the tast
of an Orange.

Perhaps you may think,
Att White H — they stink,
Because that our Neighbours come over the Sea
Yet sure, 'tis presumd,
That they may be perfumd
By the scent of a Clove, when once it is stuck
in an Orange.

If they'd cure the ayls
Of the Pr — of Wa —
When the Milk of milch Tyler does not well agree
Tho he's subject to cast,
They may better the tast;
yet let them take heed lest it Curdle at last
with an Orange.

Old stories rehearse
In prose and in Verse,
How a Welsh Child was found by loveing of Cheese
So this will be known,
If itt be the 2 — s own;
For the tast it utterly then will dissown
of an Orange.

Tho the Mobile Baurl,
Like the Divil and all
For Religeon, Property, Justice, and Laws;
Yett in very good sooth,
Ile tell you the truth,
There nothing is better to stop a mans mouth
then an Orange.

We are Certainly told,
That by Adam of old
Himself and his Bearns for an Apple was sold
And who knows but his Son
By serpents undone,
And his Jugleing Eve may by Chance loose her own
for an Orange.